

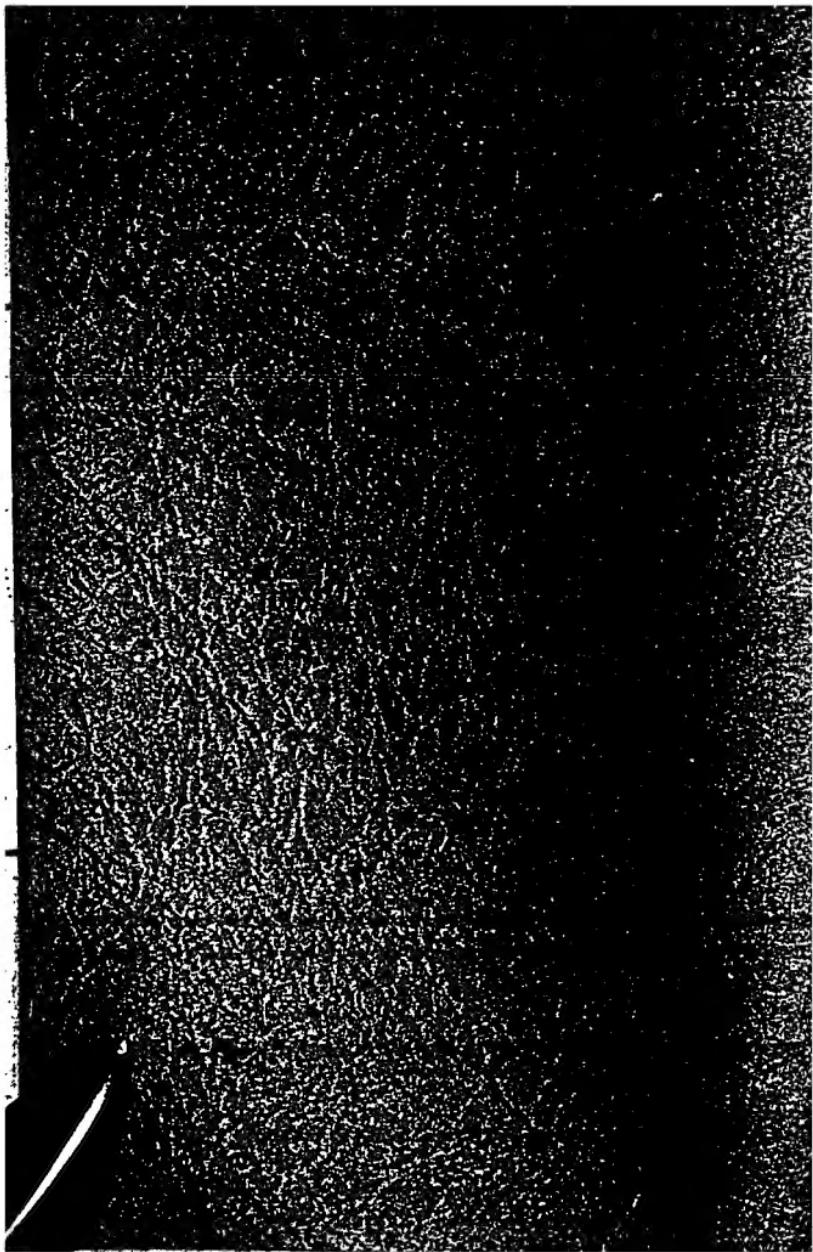
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Moose Jaw
Writers' Club

*Christmas
1940*



30 Margaret Lillie

Foreword

The members of Moose Jaw Writers' Club extend to you our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

This little book is the first fruit of our endeavors. We send it forth in all humility, fully aware of its various shortcomings, yet knowing it is the birthright of man to always express himself in the highest manner of which he is capable.

We are building castles in the air and striving to place foundations under them.

We hope you will receive our little rhymes as true friends, knowing well our literary sins of omission and of commission, yet loving us just the same.

Olara Hansberger

204508

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

"Glory to God!" the angel sang
To all the earth below.
"We cannot glorify," men said,
"Our heads are bowed in woe.
In deep humility we plead:
"God keep us in our hour of need."

"Peace on earth!" the angel sang
To all the world below.
"There is no peace," the answer rang,
"In battle trim we go.
Bloodshed and carnage stain the earth,
No peace, 'till nations have re-birth."

"Goodwill towards men!" the angel sang
To all the earth below.
But evil thoughts corrupt the mind,
War fevers grow and grow,
And men must have a change of heart
'Ere sweet goodwill can do its part.

E. A. GODDARD.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE ME

Place me in a sheltered cove,
Where the idle cannot rove,
Cannot read my age and name—
Wonder at my lack of fame;
Only those who have loved me
Do I wish my grave to see.

Place me by a forest tall
For a kind protective wall,
On a hill-side which the sun
Paints with red when day is done,
Where the moon can send her light
From her journey through the night.

Place a fir tree at my head
Where the birds can go to bed,
And the time will not seem long
If I have their gladsome song.
Do the Dead just lonesome stay
In their crypts 'till Judgment Day?

Place a pansy on my breast,
(Pansies speak of hearts at rest.)
Loyal friends throughout the past
I shall love you to the last,
Thank you for the happy years
You have given me, my dears.

—M. C. TAYLOR.

THWARTED

"Tis not some sudden havoc wrought
Can cause great Souls to faint or sigh,
But months and years of grinding toil
May wring the last despairing cry.

The useless toil and fading hope,
The hunger, drought and sagging door
All bind the mind and hold in bond
The Soul that could, but may not soar.

It is no thought of selfish need
Can bend their will or stubborn pride,
But wail of childish want and woe
For simple needs, yet all denied..

—JEAN BROATCH.

THE CHRISTMAS CARD

A bit of pulp made flat within a press;
A splash of paint; a gaudy bit of string;
And yet another world to me you bring.
Glad tears are in my eyes, I must confess.
Here, far away from home and friends' caress,
I spend a Christmas lone as exiled king,
While alien voices do strange carols sing.
I had been cheerless in my loneliness.

But now I picture them all glad and gay,
I know they miss me; mention me by name;
Perhaps a toast their thoughts will concentrate—
I'll send my spirit, now, to them to say:
"Thanks for your greeting, and to you the same,"
And I will smile, not be disconsolate.

—EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

THE BATTLE

Me thinks, old King Winter, your glad days
are numbered.

Too long 'neath soft blankets has all nature
slumbered.

Your mantle of ermine — right royally
worn —

A cloak now of gray mist, that Spring winds
have torn.

The white jewels you hung on the bushes and
trees,

Spring's wand changed to emerald budlets
and leaves.

Mad March with his lashing winds urges
you on,

"Make haste," cry the home-winging birds,
"and begone."

Should you gather your forces for one last
attack

April's silver-tipped arrows will soon drive
you back.

Leading his legions, Spring's war lord
Apollo

Will march over hill-sides and search every
hollow.

In her swift changing moods seem a maid
of caprice,

Spring stands staunch in battle, nor will the
war cease

'Till King Winter, conquered, dethroned,
has set forth

To seek loyal subjects in the far frozen
North.

—ALMA GOLLING BARKER.

EPIGRAM ON WINDOW SHOPPING

The women pause to criticize
The Paris-made collection,
The men glance sideways as they pass
The windows of their section,
Young couples look at model homes
In wide-eyed rapt affection,
And children press small noses flat
To count each sweet confection.

You stand with silly, empty stare,
Repairing your complexion;
You never see beyond a glass
That mirrors your reflection.

—GENEVIEVE SHANTZ.

—MY LITTLE SON

My little son! You came to me
A loan from Heaven above.
You are not mine, or so I see;
You came to bring me love.

My little son! What can I do
To make your stay worth while?
Some smiles I'll give—sweet songs for you.
Your baby hours beguile.

My little son! You grow so strong,
You run from me each day;
Your childhood days are not so long,
It is not always May.

My little son! In my heart I'll keep,
You are only loaned to me,
I must remember, though now you sleep,
One day you will run free.

My little son! I love you much,
So I will guide your feet
In paths of Truth; nor try to clutch
Your hand—to your defeat.

My little son! You are not mine
Except to guard and guide;
Your smile will e'er my heart entwine,
Your hopes I'll not deride.

My little son! I hope you'll be
A man whom people love.
You'll be the torch, which was for me
A light from Heaven above.

—LILIAN VAUGHAN GAY.

LOVE'S LAMENT

Where shall I look for peace?
Comfort from sorrow?
How soon will come release?
Since Time I can't borrow.
Sigh now I all day long,
As once I chanted.
You said your love was strong,
Later—recanted.

Go,
Ne'er return,
My upas is planted.

How shall I sing to thee,
Now my heart's broken?
Where is my happy glee?
Where is love's token?
Gone are our carefree hours,
Filled with bright laughter;
Gone as the summer flowers,
Ne'er to bloom after.
Go,
Ne'er return,
Farewell to laughter.

—LILIAN VAUGHAN GAY.

WIND VOICES

Wind! moaning and sighing,—
Banshee, warning of dying,—
Lost souls, in darkness crying,—
Such the sad thoughts you bring.

Wind! howling and shrieking,
Wanton destruction wreaking,
Terror to all hearts speaking,
Mad defiance you fling.

Wind!—roaring—and—rushing,
All things from thy path brushing,
Hearts and homes breaking, crushing,—
Merciless demon, thou.

Wind!* breathing soft greeting,
Telling winter's retreating,
Whisp'ring of lovers' meeting,
Peaceful and sweet thou'rt now.

Wind! scorching and drying,
Leaving grain wilting, dying,
Hope to mankind denying,
Cruel and harsh thy voice.

Wind! rain-clouds swift bringing,
Drink to thirsty earth flinging,
Valleys and hills now singing,—
All hearts thou mak'st rejoice.

—E. HELEN HYDE.

DUNKERQUE

(Roundel)

A miracle was wrought when fog came near—
King George had summoned all to pray as
taught,

And when they humbly bowed and lost all
fear,

A miracle was wrought.

In Flanders' fields Allies were lured and
caught,
But mantling mists protected them, 'tis clear,
From blasting bombs while they a refuge
sought.

So back across the sea they came with cheer.
Why marvel at the victory they brought?
For ever-present help was there, as here—
A miracle was wrought.

—CLARA HANSBERGER.

VACATION

To those who live in cities large,

A holiday would be

To roam and tramp the countryside

And find a shady tree.

A garden swing—a magazine—

Perhaps some fishing kit—

A ball of wool—a pattern book—

Because some like to knit.

Those living in a country place

To city fairs will go,

They'll leave their farms and running brooks,

Or mountains topped with snow.

Whatever one may choose to do—

Swim—ride or rove the plain;

I'm very sure they will be glad

When they reach home again.

—GRACE BONNIS.

OUR SONS

Brave lads in uniform march through the street,

Our sons so gay yet fearful of the ways
Of war, for it may end or mar their days,
But off they gravely march to loud drums
beat.

Their friends or foes with fearlessness they
meet,

So careless, too, as strange new trails they
blaze;

Dear lads, with such a yearning steadfast
gaze,

For such there is no cowardly retreat.

My son, have I instilled the Maker's plan
That draws men nearer God, security.

From every ill of mortal man's device?

Then will I know no harm or flatt'ring
vice.

Can touch your life; in your immunity
You'll live to serve, uphold your fellow man.

—JEAN BROATCH.

OUR ENGLAND

England of song and story,
England of might and glory,
England, we're proud to be
Part of thee.

* * *

Now a cruel enemy,
Hating thee so bitterly,
Battles thee so ruthlessly,
God give thee aid.

In this hour of destiny
All thy people stand by thee,
Pledge anew their fealty,
Staunch, undismayed.

Humble folk and royalty
Prove their love and loyalty,
Cheerfully and valiantly
United stand.

Gainst unbridled tyranny,
Bestial brutality,
Fighting for democracy—
A gallant band.

* * *

Lord, to Thee we bend the knee,
Pray in deep humility
Britons ne'er may conquered be;
Cause wars to cease.

Let our flag wave proud and free,
Sullied ne'er in slavery;
Grant us final victory,
True, lasting peace.

England of song and story,
England of might and glory,
England, we're proud to be
Part of thee.

—F. HELEN HYDE.

THE FUTILITY OF WAR

A soldier's helmet hangs upon the wall,
The dents show where some German shrap-
nell fell;
A bayonet, sheathed now, perchance could
tell.

Of red blood spilt, and of an anguished call;
Death stalked abroad then, held the world
in thrall,

Grim war unleashed the myrmidons of hell,
O'er all the land was heard the solemn
knell—

With peace came hopes war would no more
befall.

Today the clarion call rings forth again—

Our sons must go to fight the selfsame foe
Their father's fought, apparently in vain.

We won the war some twenty years ago,
And yet a lasting peace could not attain.

Stretch forth Thine Arm, Lord, end this
strife and woe.

—F. HELEN HYDE.

OLD-TIMER—RETIRED

He loved to sit and whittle in the sun,
As round him crept the children, one by one,
To hear him tell his tales of early days
Upon the prairies, and to sing their praise.

In mind, they turned first furrows on the land,
Listened intent for roving Indian band,
And then half-choked with smoke, lips black
from flame,
Fought prairie fires and saved the fields of
grain.

Behind him in the inlet rolled the swell,
Distant he heard the tug-boat's clangling bell.
But little children, gathered at his feet,
Heard only binder blades, saw stooks of
wheat.

—EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

MUSIC OF RAIN

There is no poetry like sound of rain,
I hear it drumming on my window pane
With restless fingers like the ones who wait
Impatiently for laggards who are late.

Sometimes it moves in soft melodious mists,
And then I've heard it beat with angry fists
Like some excited boxer—blow by blow,
Slapping the naked body of his foe.

It falls on grass and garden without sound
As silver nails are driven in the ground.
And, oh! the ecstasy to hear it beat
On dusty prairies parched in summer heat!

—GENEVIEVE SHANTZ.

SPRING ON THE PRAIRIE

A crimson sun is heralding the Spring
With banners bright within cerulean sky.
In wake of silver rain, gay zephyrs high
The spicy scent of buffalo-willows fling.
While meadow-larks angelic vespers sing,
Shy crocuses of palest archil dye
Across the prairie's new green carpet hie,
And o'er each rippled slough the wild-fowl
wing.

Through Winter's confine in a northern land
Its forty-five below I soft resent,
And sigh for Pan with magic saraband,
In world with cerement white so cold and
spent;
But Spring's touch on my brow is saintly
hand
That shrives me soon of sin from discon-
tent.

—M. C. TAYLOR.

OLD-FASHIONED POETRY

(Rondeau)

Some poetry I would have rhyme,
And also throb with measured time.
It is a treat to mark the beat,
To count the many varied feet
And sense the lyric notes sublime.

In thought I love to soar, for I'm
Impelled to view the heights and climb;
And of the Muse to oft entreat
Some poetry.

Verse has a charm in every clime,
Without a rhyme, it still is prime,
But rhyme with rhythm makes complete
A harmony on earth as sweet
As silver bells that peal and chime
Some poetry.

—CLARA HANSBERGER.

DAFFODILS

Tall fragile flowers, green and gold,
Upon my book-shelf I behold,
An Easter gift that came to me,
A Spring-like gift I love to see.
And ~~oh!~~ they seem so proud and fair
And shine in glowing beauty there,
Each lovely head held proudly up,
Pale petals band a cool deep cup.

A fragrant dream, they call to mind
A damp wet wood, a bitter wind
That searches with its fingers rough
An entrance through warm woollen stuff.
The heavy clouds were sullen gray,
The rooks cawed endlessly that day,
As if protesting at the chill
That over all lay dank and still.

The woods, ah! they held drift of gold,
Lush blossoms glorious to behold,
Big double daffodils whose heads
Hung down their beauty in wide beds.
The radiant colours of the Spring
Burned there, a world's rich offering;
They flamed as far as eye could reach—
Gold breakers on a rich green beach.

A robin sang upon a tree—
Too cold for song, it seemed to me—
He sang and sang as if his throat
Must burst upon some high, sweet note.

I hastened then to fill my arms
With that wood's wealth of blowing charms;
I hastened home to show how gay
The trophies I had found that day.

At once a bitter cry confounds:
"Don't bring those in or bad luck comes!
The gray goose eggs, they will not hatch!
Throw those old flowers on the midden patch!
The turkey eggs will all be bad—
And Rover will go raving mad!"
So weeping—I was but a child—
I took them back to the woodland wild.

And now: a dozen bought for me,
Pale, fragile, soon to wilt, I see;
Not hearty glowing lush as they
The beauties I destroyed that day.

—E. A. GODDARD.

HOMELAND

From strength to strength she marches on,
Homeland of energy and grace.
All recognize the deadly hour,
Yet no one shows a faltering face.
Like granite rocks beset by tides,
A Tower of Refuge in the sea,
She is as stubborn hard as they,
Fierce champion of democracy.

Foes may assault in thunder tones,
And orange flames leap near and far;
True English hearts her greatest strength
And she, through them, shall win the war.
Opposing that dull roar of guns
Bird-songs are thrilling through each dell
While soldiers, brothers to the stars,
Keep watch with them, and "All is well."

So Shakespeare's England still stands firm;
The "Moat defensive" still holds true.
Times pass, men pass, but Phoenix-like
Each age, reborn, is young and new.
Blind Milton's love of freedom fills
The "House of England" like a flame,
And Cromwell and Prince Rupert men-
United, fight for England's fame.

Just to aid her in her hour of direst need,
Down the long-dead ages valiantly they
come,
Saxon, Norman, Viking, Danish, British breed,
Eyes afire and heart ablaze, to fight for
home.
And they man the cliffs they used to man
of yore;
Gallant ghostly hordes foregather on the
sea,
Fog and tempest their allies evermore,
Guarding England, quick and dead, eter-
nally.

—E. A. GODDARD.

CARRY ON

Carry on!
Soldier Boy,
Shoulder gun,
Have your fun.
Bravely fight
For the right.
Days are blue;
Fears ensue.
Soldier Boy,
Carry on!
Carry on!
Sailor Boy.
Set your sail;
Hope prevail.
Ready you
Task to do;
Navy men
There again.
Sailor Boy,
Carry on!
Carry on!
Flying Boy.
Wings outspread,
Overhead.
Naught to fear:
You appear
Brave as ever:
Give in, never!
Flying Boy,
Carry on!

—LILIAN VAUGHAN GAY.

HIS MAJESTY

I watched my bonny baby boy
Reposing in his cot.

He yawned and stretched from head to toe.
My sleepy tiny tot.

"What will you be when you grow up?"—
I sighed and looked again,
"A soldier tall? an actor man?
Or will you drive a plane?"

Perhaps you'll teach, or maybe preach
When you're full grown, my son;
Whatever you may choose to be—
Be true Canadian.

—GRACE BONNIS.

THE MIRACLE

Oh! lovely little daffodil,
Brightening my poor window sill,
Your petals form a chalice gold,
Close to your heart the sun you hold.

An ugly bulb asunder torn
And you come forth to greet the morn.
A flower's birth-place—just a clod,
Another miracle of God.

—ALMA GOLLING BARKER.

A CHINESE STORE

So low and dim, with incense hung—
This treasure house of Lee Whang Chung,
Who folds his arms, benignly smiles,
As I browse down entrancing aisles,
For each thing here, to my alarm,
Beguiles me like a witch's charm,
From painted lanterns overhead
To gorgeous silks that lie outspread,
Brocaded coats so soft and fine,
Embroidered shawls of rare design.

I thrill to chests all pearl inlaid,
The beads of turquoise, amber, jade,
Each dainty tea set, cloisonne jar,
A box of carven cinnabar,
Glass tinkling bells, chairs lacquered red,
Teak tables quaint with dragons spread;
Such trays and candlesticks of brass,
The gilded gods that stand en masse.
This place holds my enchanted gaze
Like candy shops of childhood days.

M. C. TAYLOR.

SPRING SERMON

When frost embroiders naked trees
In crystal filigree,
And snowflakes cover barren fields
With lacey tapestry,
I wonder how my plants survive?
How can my garden keep alive?

When sunshine warms the frozen ground,
And tiny shoots appear,
I marvel at this miracle
I witness every year.
In Spring I need no other creed,
I feel Thy pulse in every seed.

—GENEVIEVE SHANTZ.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Aurora Borealis bright
Appeared last night to our delight.
Her colored scarves she gayly set
While gliding through a minuet;
She deftly swept from east to west
As if upon some lover's quest,
While overhead there burst in showers
Such changing tints like brilliant flowers
Of rose and gold and dappled green
With brightest purple in between:
The sky seemed all an elfin land
With fairies dancing hand in hand,
While singing, oh! so merrily
A song in silver harmony.

—CLARA HANSBERGER.

TUMULT

All night the wind raged in furious assault,
The trees swayed and tossed
In utter capitulation to its moods;
A glorious tumult raged without—
Giant angry breakers pounded the rocky shore,
Hurling spray far up from the sea.
Beaten, it boomed and roared again,
Smashing madly to break its bonds.

Amid this tumult of sound and fury
I would not sleep. My Spirit rose
To meet each surge of wind and sea;
I gloried in its raging and its vent.

Morning came—and with it all serene
The sea—the trees, the wind subdued.
Serene my Spirit, too, for with the storm
Had gone rebellion, tears, and straining bonds.

—JEAN BROATCH.

GOLGOTHA TODAY

On all, the dark!
Search-lights across an arc of sky!
Balloon barrages gleam!
The pulsing roar of nearing planes,
Anti-aircraft guns between.
Below, the hush of humans crouching low
In earthen caves, and chill.
We question need of death and woe—
Is this the role we fill
In shaping of Earth's destiny?
O God, we turn in humbled grief to Thee!
And lo! the shadow of a cross upon a hill
we see.
No gladness there!
And yet, beyond, bursts glory of Eternity!

—EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

LIFE'S RHYTHM

A poet's song—a soft breathed prayer,
The pulse of Spring in the throbbing air;
A flower's fragrance—an artist's dream,
A garden bathed in silver sheen;
A joyous bird, its free flight winging,
The miracle of a life beginning;
The homing herds that stand and wait
So patiently at the meadow gate;
The glory of a setting sun,
Contentment brought with a task well done;
A young Madonna, her sweet face bent
Over the gift in her arms love sent;
Soft-calling bells on a Sabbath morn;
The fragrant drenched earth after storm;
The mystery of myriad stars above,
All a part of His limitless love;
Beauty that twists the heart of me,
Yet fills my soul with ecstasy;
Blending chords in the rhythm of life,
Bits of heaven in a world of strife.

—ALMA GOLLING BARKER.

EASTER LILLIES

They tell us Easter lillies
Grew where the Master trod,
His Power and Blessed Spirit
Did permeate the sod.

Pure flowers grew in footprints
Where He had walked along;
Triumphant angel voices
Rejoiced in happy song.

When we see Easter lillies
In glorious array,
"Hail the Risen Christ" we sing;
We know He passed this way.

—GRACE BONNIS.

